HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGEPORT AND EAST CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE INMAN HOUSE.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO;

OR,

A BRIEF HISTORY OF

CAMBRIDGEPORT AND EAST CAMBRIDGE,

WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

A Christmas and Birthday Gift

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

By S. S. Simpson

"A man's life is a tower with a staircase of many steps, that, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him. No going back, the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present perisheth."

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY OTIS CLAPP,
No. 3 Beacon Street.
1859.

PREFACE.

"Truth, in a garment of the past, is my choice and simple theme."

As Cambridgeport was the adopted home of my parents, as well as that of my early childhood, I have from time to time treasured up little incidents, which, with a trembling hand, I have here gathered together, humbly trusting that the numerous errors will be glanced over with a lenient eye. My readers will perceive that my object is not only to contrast the past with the present, by entering into the

minutiæ of personal detail, but also that my young friends may fully realize and truly appreciate the many advantages which it is their privilege to enjoy, and the debt of gratitude which they owe their parents and teachers, and to remind them that time is ever on the wing, — one moment now lost, is lost forever.

"Throw years away? Throw empires,
And be blameless; moments seize."

That their pathway through life may be smooth and pleasant, is the sincere prayer of their devoted friend, S. S. S.

HISTORY.

In the year 1660, on the 30th of September, James Phipps left Bristol, England, and in due time arrived at Pemaquid, with his wife and twenty-six children, — twenty-one sons and five daughters, of which goodly number, Sir William Phipps was one. We hear very little relating to Mr. James Phipps; probably his time was occupied in looking after his *little family*. If Sir William was a fair specimen he must have had enough to do.

Sir William is represented as being very robust, and possessed of great physical strength, which, it would seem, he was rather inclined to try, for want of any other argument. He was born on the 2nd of February 1650. He was a

ship carpenter by trade, but afterwards followed the seas, and soon became commander. He married Mary, daughter of Captain Roger Spencer, and widow of John Hull, a distinguished merchant of Boston. Having no children, he adopted Spencer Bennett, son of his wife's sister, who took the name of Spencer Phipps.

In 1687, he discovered among the rocks near the Bahama Banks, on the north side of Hispaniola, a Spanish ship, which had been under water forty-four years; out of which he took gold and silver, to the value of 300,000 pounds sterling, and with a rare fidelity, brought it all to the government, by whom it was honorably returned to him; whereupon, he divided it between himself and the rest of his adventurers. For this service he was knighted by His Majesty James II. In 1694, William and Mary appointed him Governor of the colony. Not-

withstanding Sir William loved his country, it was an unfortunate day for New England. He was of a dull intellect, perfectly headstrong, and with a reason so feeble that in politics, he knew nothing of general principles, and in religion was the victim of superstition. Accustomed from early life to the axe and the oar, he had gained distinction only by his wealth. The delusion of witchcraft was just beginning to be noticed, and, goaded on by Cotton Mather and William Stoughton, men of cold affections, proud, self-willed, and covetous of distinction, he gave full scope to his diabolical and terrible vengeance. Men, women and children became victims, — were made to confess things they knew nothing about, or suffer death. Persons were now being suspected in the higher walks of life, which had a tendency to make those judges pause and tremble. Soon, Sir William

saw his lady accused and thrown into prison; and then he began to think it was time to stop the proceedings. It appears that New England was more indebted to the accusers, than to Sir William. Mrs. Phipps by bribing the jailer (Mr. Arnold), managed to send a letter to Queen Mary, representing herself as a namesake of hers, and a lady of rank, who was unjustly accused of witchcraft, and thrown into prison. Queen Mary being applied to in her husband's absence, took the responsibility to sign a discharge, which the jailer obeyed, and for doing which, he was severely reprimanded and removed from his post. But Sir William was suddenly recalled to England for brutally assaulting Mr. Brenton, the collector of the Port of Boston, and severely caning Captain Short, whom he met in the street, for performing their duty. On his arrival, suit was brought

against him, and damages were laid at £20,000; the mortification consequent upon which, brought on, or aggravated, the disease of which he died, at the age of forty-five.

William Stoughton having acted as judge in cases of witchcraft, began now to look at the iniquity of the thing rather than the object to be attained, and repented of the evil he had done, in sacrificing so many innocent persons; and, it is said, gave to Harvard College the building known as Stoughton Hall, to atone for his bigotry. But Cotton Mather said, he gloried in such executions, and thanked God for giving him strength to perform his duty. Gentlemen and ladies of the first respectability were taken from their families, severely whipped, or cruelly tortured by having pieces of slit wood placed upon their tongues to make them confess something they never thought of. One lady seeing

a friend arrested, accidentally said, "There is one of our party," she was immediately taken and executed. This only shows how far delusion can blind the higher faculties, stupefy the judgment, and dupe conscience itself.

Spencer Phipps graduated at Harvard University 1703. Mrs. Phipps died 1704, leaving to her adopted child Spencer, her vast estates, a part of which was that point of land consisting of three hundred and twenty-five acres, now called East Cambridge. He shortly after entered the army with the rank of colonel. Under the administration of William Shirley, he received the appointment of Lieutenant Governor in 1741.

In 1750, Gov. Phipps built a splendid mansion on what is now called Otis Street, East Cambridge, and as was customary in those days had a *house warming;* and there being a husking

frolic at the same time, by some carelessness the house took fire, and every thing, with the exception of the farm and carriage houses was destroyed. In 1756, Gov. Shirley received a dispatch from Mr. Fox, Secretary of State, requesting his return to England, and Gov. Phipps received his commission as Commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in North America. In 1755 and 1756, a military council was held in several colonies, and on the 23d of January, 1757, it was proposed one should be held in Boston. The levies called for from New England amounted to four thousand men; and of these, Massachusetts was to raise eighteen hundred, all of whom were to be mustered before the last day of March.

Gov. Phipps died from over exertion April 4th, 1757, at the age of seventy-three, leaving five children: — Col. David Phipps, Mrs. Judge

Lechmere, Mrs. Judge Joseph Lee, Mrs. John Vassal, and Mrs. Andrew Boardman. Col. David Phipps graduated at Harvard College in 1741, was Colonel of a troop of guards in Boston, in 1773, an addresser of Gov. Hutchinson in 1774, of Gage in 1775, and high sheriff of Middlesex county. He was warden of Christ Church in 1762, 1766, 1774. His residence was on the site of the Winthrop House, between Arrow and Mt. Auburn Streets. He was proscribed, and his estates confiscated in 1778. He died in England, July 7th, 1811, aged eighty-seven.

Mary Phipps married Judge Richard Lechmere, who built and occupied the house on the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets, now occupied by John Brewster Esq. Richard Lechmere was warden of Christ Church in 1764 and 1765. In 1769, a suit was commenced against Judge

Lechmere by Jonathan Sewall, Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in favor of a negro demanding his freedom. The suit terminated in favor of the negro. This is said to be the first case in which the grand question was settled abolishing slavery in that state.

Rebecca married Judge Joseph Lee. His lukewarmness in the loyalist principles prevented him becoming an object of public notice. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Middlesex county, and occupied the house on the north side of Brattle Street, nearly opposite Lowell Street, now belonging to Mrs. D. Carpenter, his grand-niece. He was one of the original subscribers for building Christ Church in Cambridge, 1759, and warden in 1773. He died at his residence, in December, 1802, at the advanced age of ninety-three years.

Elizabeth married Col. John Vassal. who built

two large houses; one of them he occupied, — which has since been distinguished as Washington's head-quarters, — the other situated on the corner of Brattle and Ash Streets, he gave to his brother Henry; it is now the residence of Samuel Batchelder Esq. He died November 27th, 1747. In the churchyard in Cambridge may be seen a freestone tablet supported by five pillars, upon which, with the name of Col. John Vassal, are sculptured the words, *Vas-Sol*, and the emblems, a goblet and sun.

Sarah married Andrew Boardman Esq., a wealthy and highly distinguished resident, who died May 30th, 1747, aged seventy-six years. These gentlemen were all magnates of Cambridge. In 1760, the point of land owned by Hon. Spencer Phipps, now East Cambridge, was surveyed by Caleb Brooks, and divided, with other property, equally between the Phipps

heirs. Mrs. Andrew Boardman receiving, for her portion, one hundred acres of the Phipps estate, including the farm and carriage houses; also that part called the dike, and a portion of what is now called Cambridgeport. The carriage-house was removed to Cambridgeport, and remodelled into a comfortable dwelling, and occupied by Mrs. Boardman, where she remained until her death. Mrs. Boardman was married in 1731, and died 1793, aged eighty-nine years, leaving her son Andrew, an only child, all her property.

The Phipps or Cove Farm was, in 1696, owned by Atherton Haugh, and called "The Haugh Farm." On February 28th, 1699, in the twelfth year of the reign of William III., this farm, containing three hundred acres, was sold to John Langdon, for £1,140 current money of New England. In 1760, this farm of three

hundred and twenty-five acres was valued at £2,950. This point of land took the name of Lechmere Point, in honor of Judge Lechmere, son-in-law of the Hon. Spencer Phipps. About 1806, it was purchased by Andrew Craigie for $1,500, and took the name of Craigie's Point.

The Vassal House.

The distinguished mansion of Col. John Vassal, situated on Mount Auburn Street, was built in the early part of the last century. After the death of Col. John Vassal, in 1747, it was occupied by his son Major John Vassal, who graduated at Harvard College, in 1757. He lived in princely style, and, taking a very active part with the Loyalists, he was proscribed. Having vast estates at Jamaica, he resigned all to the ravagers, and left with his family for England. He died at Clifton, England, October 2d, 1797, aged sixty years. This quaint and stately mansion stands a little distance from the street, in the midst of shrubbery and stately elms, now patriarchal in appearance, which, with the flowers, beautify the grounds. Within, no mallet or trowel has been permitted to mar the work of this ancient building, or "to cover with the rude stucco of modern art the carved cornices

and panelled wainscot that first enriched it." At the commencement of the Revolution, it was occupied by the Hon. Jonathan Sewall. It became the head-quarters of Gen. Washington, on his arrival, July 2d, 1775, who, with his aids-de-camp, remained there until the evacuation of Boston. For want of suitable barracks, Christ Church, in Cambridge, the colleges, and many private houses, were occupied by the troops; the barracks for the winter not being completed until December. Mrs. Washington arrived in Cambridge on Monday, December 11th. At her request, divine service was performed at Christ Church, and the following prayer was offered: —

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings and Lord of lords, who hast made of one blood all the nations upon earth, and whose common bounty is liberally

bestowed upon thy unworthy creatures, most heartily we beseech thee to look down with mercy upon His Majesty George the Third. Open his eyes and enlighten his understanding, that he may pursue the true interests of the people over whom thou, in thy providence, hast placed him. Remove far from him all wicked, corrupt men and evil counsellors, that his throne may be established in justice and righteousness; and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he may incline to thy will, and walk in thy way.

"Have pity, O most merciful Father, upon the distresses of the inhabitants of this western world. To that end we humbly pray thee to bless the Continental Congress. Preside over their councils; and may they be led to such measures as may tend to thy glory, to the advancement of true religion, and to the happi-

ness and prosperity of thy people. We also pray thee to bless our provincial assemblies, magistrates, and all in subordinate places of power and trust. Be with thy servant the Commander-in-chief of the American forces. Afford him thy presence in all his undertakings; strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies; and grant that we may in due time be restored to the enjoyment of those inestimable blessings we have been deprived of by the devices of cruel and bloodthirsty men, for the sake of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Andrew Craigie was appointed Apothecary-General of the northern army, and quartered under the same roof with Gen. Washington. He was of Scotch descent, and inherited some little property from his father. He amassed quite a fortune in that office. The next occu-

pant was Thomas Tracy, who lived in magnificent style, and such as oriental imagination might fancy. Tradition remains silent until 1792, when Andrew Craigie, having accumulated a princely fortune, purchased this estate of two hundred acres. His house was open for strangers of distinction. On one occasion, at his weekly dinner-party, peruked and powdered, Talleyrand appeared among the guests. In 1793, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Bezaliel Shaw, of Nantucket, a graduate of Harvard College in 1762. Mr. Craigie was warden of Christ Church from 1796 to 1799.

The melancholy intelligence of the decease of Gen. Washington was received in Cambridge at two o'clock, A.M. Mr. Craigie arose and dressed; and calling his faithful attendant, said, "The Father of our country is no more! I wish you to prepare for Boston as soon as it is light, and order three pieces of black broadcloth, that we

may drape the church as a token of our profound and heart-felt sorrow." Mr. Craigie died 1819, aged about seventy years. His remains were deposited in the Vassal tomb.

Mrs. Craigie was born at Nantucket, January 12th, 1772. She was a noble specimen of a woman, — such as is seldom seen, and can never be forgotten. Nature had not only endowed her with matchless beauty, and one of the kindest of hearts, but also with remarkable mental powers. Her conversation was various, discursive, and highly entertaining, but always marked by wisdom and goodness. To these natural gifts she added a noble and expressive countenance, and manners blended with courtesy, refinement, and grace. Her musical talents were sufficient to call forth the admiration and praise of all. She lived for seventy years; and she lived them all. To the very last she had full possession of every faculty,

and retained the same equanimity and intelligence, the same vivid interest in what was passing around her, the same appreciation of God's goodness, that had distinguished her more vigorous years. It has been said by a beautiful German writer, that "a contemplative, meditative, and evective life, is the most exalted state of existence; that it is only in old age it can be fully enjoyed; as at an earlier period, it is constantly coming into collision with our necessities, and active duties." Mrs. Craigie was a striking example of the correctness of this remark. If it be true that it sometimes requires a hundred years for the oak to come to perfection, it may also seem sometimes to require a period of nearly the same length to produce such a woman as Madam Craigie. Her surviving friends may think that such varied excellences of character require no monument

of brass or marble; but when those who knew her in life shall recognize her resting place in Mt. Auburn, they may possibly be reminded of one of the apothegms of Lord Bacon, who relates that, "when Cato the elder, at a time when many Romans had statues erected in their honor, was asked by one, in wonder, why he had none? He answered that, he had much rather men should ask and wonder, why he had no statue, than why he had one." This highly gifted lady passed away May 5th, 1841. Madam Craigie was cousin of the Hon. Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information.

In 1843, the two hundred acres of Andrew Craigie was reduced to eight, when this ancient and hallowed mansion was purchased by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, so distinguished in the

literary world as the most gifted poet of the age. A little above this ancient dwelling is the house in which the Brunswick General, the Baron Riedsel and his family resided during the stay of the captured army of General Burgoyne, in the vicinity of Boston, 1777. On the north side of the house upon a window pane, may be seen the undoubted autograph of the accomplished Baroness Riedsel. On the westerly corner of the common upon Washington Street stands the Washington Elm, beneath whose broad shadows Gen. Washington first drew his sword as Commander-in-chief of the continental army, on the morning of July 3d, 1775.

When we review the early settlement of Cambridgeport, we cannot but express our astonishment at the enterprising spirit manifested by the settlers, as well as their industry and perseverance. The lands in the easterly part

of Cambridge were chiefly valued for the abundance of hay and forage which the salt marshes furnished. These marshes extended far out from the banks of the river. The situation was very uninviting. The grounds lay low, and it was a sort of insolated tract, detached from every other. There were no roads; access could be obtained to Boston, only by boats, or by the circuitous route of Roxbury or Charlestown. In the course of the year, very few persons passed down into the neck, or isthmus, as it was called, unless for farming purposes, or fishing and fowling.

Below Lee Street, there were but three dwelling houses, the Inman, Soden, and Phipps farms. The Inman estate situated on Lee Street was built by Ralph Inman Esq. an English gentleman, and one of the original subscribers for the building of Christ Church,

Cambridge, April 25th, 1757. He was appointed treasurer of the building committee. Refusing to join the provincials, his elegant mansion was confiscated, and he retired to the interior of the country. After the war he returned and recovered his property. This elegant mansion was occupied in 1775 by Gen. Putnam and his officers. The barracks were erected on each side of what is now called Austin Street. On the eve of the 16th of June, Gen. Putnam took up his line of march with five hundred men, leaving the same number to protect the town, and passed silently and unobserved over Charlestown neck to Breed's Hill, it being the eve of the great battle of Bunker Hill.

This farm included about one third of Cambridgeport. A short distance above where Mr. Ware's Church now stands, was a large pond, with a handsome boat in it. As late as 1820,

the boys assembled there for the purpose of skating, and it was called by them "The Frog Pond." In 1802, Mr. Stedman the appraiser, offered all, or a part of, the land at the rate of $10 per acre. Mr. Josiah Mason offered $5,000, but the appraisal was $5,500. Taking a canoe he started for his residence on Governor's Island, to get the amount, but was anticipated a few hours, by Leonard Jarvis, United States Paymaster, who purchased, occupied, and improved the land, and planted an orchard of about twenty-four acres. Being unable to fulfil his contracts, he was obliged to give up his property; a part went to satisfy the claims of Government, and the remainder, consisting of sixty acres, with its elegant mansion, was purchased by Benjamin Loring Austin, for $10,000, who made the street now called Austin Street, sold the land on each side, and occupied the house from 1804 to 1817. In 1818, it was sold to Mr. Benjamin Bigelow, for

$11,000. At his decease in 1849, this princely estate was sold to Mr. Samuel Allen for $55,000, and is now [1858,] occupied by Mrs. Lewis Colby, late Mrs. Allen.

The "Soden Farm" included a large portion of the southerly part of Cambridgeport, and was situated on what is now the junction of River and Pleasant Streets. It was owned and occupied by Thomas Soden, as early as 1720. There was a large barn near the house, and also another barn and a cow-yard on the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, where Mrs. Franklin Sawyer's house now stands. It was then called Bridleway; it extended through Pleasant Street to the banks of the river, and as far as what is now called Fort Washington. Through this path, milk was carried to Boston by the way of the ferry. One of the sons was drowned by the breaking up of the ice, while thus engaged.

Mr. Thomas Soden was born in England, February 23d, 1699. Mrs. Thomas Soden died February 19th, 1761, aged sixty-six years. Mr. Thomas Soden died February 23d, 1770, aged seventy-one years. He had several children: one of them, Samuel, lived in Watertown, on the place now owned and occupied by Messrs. Davenport and Bridges. His daughter Hannah was born in 1729, and married Seth Hastings in 1749. Mr. Hastings built and occupied the house on the corner of Fresh Pond Lane, now the residence of Hon. John C. Gray. He was of the firm of Hastings, Etheridge & Bliss. He was highly respected for his gentlemanly deportment, affability, benevolence, and hospitality. He died October 15th, 1775, aged fifty-four. Mrs. Hastings afterwards married William Howe, who died April 9th, 1791, aged seventy-two. When Lieut.-Gov. Oliver was proscribed as a refugee in 1778, a set of pictures was presented

to Mrs. Howe, which are now in the possession of one of the family.

Thomas Oliver, the last colonial Lieut.-Gov. of Massachusetts, was born at Dorchester, and graduated at Harvard College in 1753. In 1774 he was made Lieutenant-Governor, as well as mandamus counsellor. He married a daughter of Col. John Vassal, and granddaughter of Gov. Spencer Phipps, and built and occupied the elegant mansion, long since the residence of Gov. Gerry, and now the dwelling of the devout and venerable Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell. Gov. Oliver was a man of letters, and a model of affability and courtesy. He died at Bristol, England, November 29th, 1815, aged eighty-two years. Mrs. Howe died August 28th, 1817, aged eighty-eight years. Her son, Seth Hastings, was born April 5th, 1760 — graduated at Harvard, settled at Men-

don, Mass., and was chosen member of Congress. He was the father of William Soden Hastings, a graduate of Harvard College, and a member of Congress. He died in 1842.

In 1800, this farm, consisting of seventy-three acres, was purchased by Judge Dana for $375. Mrs. Robert Murdock, granddaughter of Mrs. Howe, has a set of blue and white cups and saucers, which are very small, and are preserved as a relic, having belonged to Miss Hannah Soden, previous to her marriage with Mr. Hastings; also her wedding shoes, of light blue cloth, embroidered, with high heels tapering to a point; they have straps on each side, which are confined by a paste buckle.

In 1784, Judge Dana, of Cambridge, Thomas Dennie, William Phipps, Joseph Cooledge, and Mungo Mackay, of Boston, petitioned the General Court for a grant to build a bridge across

Charles River. But they were strongly opposed, as several members of the legislature were interested in the Charlestown Bridge. It was not until 1790 that their charter was granted. They commenced and drove down about one hundred piers, and seeing a vast amount of labor before them, they abandoned their purpose. One or two members of the legislature called to ask why they did not proceed, and were told that their charter, being only thirty years, would not indemnify them, as it would be impossible for them ever to realize the amount which it must cost. The House of Representatives then extended the charter forty years, making it seventy years, which extension the company accepted. It was opened for travellers on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1793, and called "West Boston Bridge." This bridge was supported by 180 piers: length,

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3,483 feet; breadth, 40 feet; bridge over the gore, 14 piers, 275 feet; abutments, Boston side, 87 1-2 feet. The wood work of the bridge was begun April 8th, 1792. From July 15th to December 25th, thirty-six men only were employed. From April 8th, 1793, to November 23d, from forty to two hundred and fifty men were employed. It was only seven months and a half from the laying of the first pier, to the completion of the bridge and causeway. Cost, $76,700; and for elegance of workmanship, and the magnitude of the undertaking, unequalled in the history of enterprises.

The causeway in connection with the bridge, was begun July 15th, 1792, and suspended after the 26th of December, till March 20th, 1793, when the work was resumed. Length of the causeway, 3,344 feet; cost, about $39,000. It extended as far as the Universalist church, the

foundation of which was laid with stone taken from Mrs. Pierpoint's ledge, in Roxbury. The tide-waters at that time flowed as far as Pearl Street.

The December following, a large store was erected near the bridge, on the causeway, by Robert Vose, who opened the same for the sale of West India goods, and American produce. It was the first framed building set up between Boston and Old Cambridge after the opening of the great road. This store was constantly and successfully occupied, until destroyed by fire in 1853.

In the following year [1794] Mr. Vose also built the three-story wooden house situated on the left side of the causeway, about half way up, and made it his permanent residence. He married Miss R. K. Ritchie, a wealthy and highly gifted lady, by whom he had three daughters and one son, in whom all the noble

and amiable qualities of the parents were truly reflected. Mr. Vose was a gentleman of intelligence, refinement, and wealth; his fidelity and zeal in promoting the welfare of others, added fresh laurels to his enviable reputation. In 1806, he was seized with a violent hiccoughing, which baffled all human skill. His death cast a gloom over the town. He died intestate. Mrs. Vose shortly after married Royal Makepeace.

In 1795 a large house designed for a tavern, was built by Leonard Jarvis, Esq., and the following year, six other houses and stores. Mr. Andrew Boardman married Miss Abigail, daughter of Mr. Bartholomew Richardson, of Woburn, in 1798, and removed to the Phipps Farm, left him by his mother. In 1800, there were twelve families. Mrs. Boardman, having ascertained that many of those families had children, wrote

to Miss Mary Merriam, who resided in Lincoln, saying she thought there might be found about twelve scholars, and if she would come and take charge of them, she would give her a room and her board. Miss Merriam accepted the offer, and opened the first school in this new section, commencing with twelve pupils, at twelve and one half cents per week, and an extra charge of two dollars for fuel during the season. One of those pupils is now living.

Dr. Holmes, pastor of the only church in Cambridge, visiting the school shortly after, expressed much surprise at seeing so many children, in a place so thinly inhabited. Miss Merriam gave perfect satisfaction, teaching all the useful, as well as ornamental, branches.

In 1802, Mr. Boardman presented to the town a piece of land on the corner of School and Windsor Streets, for the purpose of a site

for a schoolhouse, which cost $600; $300 of which was paid by the town, and the remainder by the inhabitants.

During this year the Inman Farm (Gen. Putnam's head-quarters, at the time of the great battle of Bunker Hill) was sold to numerous purchasers, and from this time commenced a rapid settlement. Several large stores and dwelling-houses were erected, and occupied by young men from various parts of the country, who came to establish themselves. The situation was found to be favorable to mechanical employments, and especially to trade with the interior. But to render it healthful and convenient, or even habitable, it was necessary to exclude the tide-waters, which occasionally overflowed the whole extent of the low grounds. One of the first objects of the settlers was to make ditches, canals, and dikes, to drain off the

waters, and to prevent future inundations. Much was done, but still the inhabitants were subjected to great inconvenience. Within the settled part of this extensive tract, the waters did not become stagnant, and the air was found to be pure and pleasant. The exclusion of the waters contributed not only to the improvement of the air, but of the soil. It prepared the surface for the introduction of loam, which adapted it to the culture of roots and vegetables, shrubs and fruits. Gardens were made, and enriched with both the useful and ornamental. Those advantages were heightened by dikes and canals, for which thousands of dollars were spent. Of the first settlers, only four now survive, — Messrs. Joshua Harlow, Solomon, and Samuel Hancock, and Nathaniel Livermore, — who, by their honesty and industry, have acquired a little fortune, or at least a "competency, which is all we can enjoy."

Mr. Harlow was born in Cambridge, in 1779. He removed to Cambridgeport in 1798. In 1800, he built a hat manufactory on Pine Street, and commenced business.

Solomon Hancock, born in Cambridge in 1776, great-grandson of Gov. Hancock, commenced business in 1800; as harness maker, and satisfied the people, by his discretion and good judgment, that he knew not only how to make a good bridle, but how to use one.

Mr. Samuel Hancock was born in Cambridge, in 1777. He removed to Cambridgeport in 1802. By trade a carriage builder, he has contributed much to the ease, comfort, and enjoyment of the people.

Mr. Livermore was born at Waltham, Mass., September 20th, 1772. He removed to Cambridgeport, October, 1804.

In 1803, a fire society was formed, which, at an expense of $500, procured an excellent en-

gine; a company was formed, and Samuel Hancock chosen clerk. In 1804, a large quantity of land was sold for house lots. Until this time, the settlement had been confined to one street. Streets were now opened and made in all directions. Canals were cut of a sufficient depth for coasting vessels, and more than a mile in length, to communicate with Charles River; and wharves were built on the margin, for their accommodation.

Mr. Boardman commenced building a spacious dwelling at the junction of Hampshire, Concord, and Windsor Streets.

In January, 1805, an act was passed by the Congress of the United States, making Cambridge a port of entry, from which circumstance it took the name of Cambridgeport.

Cambridgeport being still in its infancy, Mr. Davenport might have been considered its

Romulus. He was desirous of finding some person who would assist him in drawing plans and laying out streets, squares, etc., fancying that it would eventually become a *great city*. Many thought him rather sanguine in his expectations, or beset with a sort of monomania, as they looked upon it as one great marsh.

Mr. Davenport was a wealthy merchant, possessing much native refinement, and an uncommon share of ambition and enterprise. In 1800, he formed a copartnership with Mr. Richard Dalton Tucker, under the firm of Davenport & Tucker, who established themselves at No. 24 Long Wharf, Boston, as commission merchants. In 1804, Mr. Davenport becoming much interested in land speculations, by mutual consent they dissolved. Mr. Tucker assuming all liabilities, paid Mr. Davenport $80,000 as his proportion. Mr. Davenport

removed to No. 31 Long Wharf, where he remained until 1816, when he failed, having invested more than $100,000 in what he considered a grand speculation, in Cambridgeport lands. His creditors would not take his lands, and he remained for eight years a prisoner on the limits. He became almost insane against imprisonment for debt. His assiduity in the poor debtor's cause, made many avoid him for his importunity. He, however, had the satisfaction of knowing that his cause had prevailed.

As there were many applications for land, Mr. Davenport became much elated. In laying out Market Square, and fixing upon a place for a market-house, in arranging blocks of houses, stores, etc., it was suggested that it would be advisable to have a street or passage-way between. Mr. Davenport said that would

be a waste of land; they must have arches. We have frequently asked, where were "the arches"? Mr. Davenport formed a sort of copartnership with Royal Makepeace, Mr. Davenport finding the money, and Mr. Makepeace doing the work. A gentleman called one day to purchase some land; he was asked whom he wished to see, Mr. Davenport, or Mr. Makepeace? He replied, he did not care whether it was Mr. Davenport or Cambridgeport, Mr. Makepeace or Makewar, if he could only obtain the land. In June, an act was passed by the General Court, to incorporate Rufus Davenport, Royal Makepeace, and others, for the purpose of building a meeting-house, and supporting public worship, by the name of "The Cambridgeport Meeting-House Corporation." The second and third parishes in Cambridge were incorporated, the former by the name of

West Cambridge, the latter called Little Cambridge, now Brighton.

Mr. Harlow built the house where he now resides, on Pine Street. He married Miss Clarissa, sister of Mrs. A. Boardman. Mr. A. Boardman removed to his new and elegant mansion.

Miss Merriam could now accommodate thirty or forty pupils. The population increasing rapidly, there were daily applicants for admission. In 1807, my sister and myself became pupils, and continued as such five years; and it is with the greatest satisfaction that we recall to mind our first school-days, and the zealous care and untiring patience manifested by our teacher. My sister and myself were, at times, unable to sound the letter *H*. One day, after giving us a number of words in which this letter was sounded, and finding that she could not accomplish her purpose, she exclaimed, "Do

try, for it will be a *thousand pounds* in your pocket!" She continued to teach for more than thirty years. Although Miss Merriam possessed naturally a feeble constitution, and was subject to much sickness in middle life, yet she enjoyed a vigorous old age, and her mind retained with wonderful tenacity the memory of her early life. During her last days, she dwelt much on her former employment, and in seasons of mental aberration, to which she was subject, she would fancy her pupils around her, and book in hand, calling them by name, would proceed as if instructing them. Miss Merriam died at the residence of Mr. Joshua Harlow, on the 28th of November, 1852, at the advanced age of eighty-three years, seven months, and ten days, being the oldest resident but one in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, soon after their mar-

riage, adopted a little girl, only two years of age, named Caroline Poole, for the purpose of educating her; she took the name of Caroline Boardman. Possessing an amiable and affectionate disposition, she amply repaid them for their parental care and solicitude. She died in 1844. Mr. Boardman was a gentleman, and a scholar; not being obliged to labor, and his mind being occupied with the classics and literature of the day, was a storehouse of learning. He died in 1817. Mrs. Boardman was a lady of great refinement, possessing all the Christian virtues and accomplishments. She died in 1848, aged seventy-eight years, — the last of the house of Boardman.

Great anxiety in regard to water was now felt by families residing on Canat, now Harvard Street. Notwithstanding there was an abundant supply, it was found upon analyzing it, to be

very impure, and families were obliged to use rain water. From the nature of the soil, it was thought that with perseverance, good water could be obtained. It was decided to make a trial; each day the soil appeared more favorable; they continued, until they had gone to the depth of one hundred and three feet, when a living spring gushed forth. Bucket after bucket, was drawn, and pronounced pure and most excellent. It has had the reputation of being one of the best springs in New England, and never known to fail. From its exposed situation, the next consideration was to protect the pump from frost. It was decided to box it around with two casings, making one several inches smaller in circumference, and then filling up the cavity with pulverized charcoal, which had the desired effect. The whole cost exceeded $1,000, which they considered money well spent.

On the 16th of June, there was a total eclipse of the sun. The morning was uncommonly pleasant; the sun rose in brilliant splendor; the aspect and coloring of the sky was almost as remarkable as the eclipse itself; not a cloud was to be seen; not the least obstacle intervened to interrupt the beauty of the day. At eleven o'clock, the clouds gathered, forming a sort of mist, as if the shades of evening were approaching. At twelve o'clock, there was a gradual diminution of light, a chill was felt in the air, and the thermometer fell nine or ten degrees. A solemnity and silence marked the progress of the scene. At the approach of darkness, the birds, sensible of the transition, fluttered from place to place. The animals appeared much terrified, making a disturbed noise; many persons thought it was the last day. The aspect of things was that of ob-

security and gloom. At one o'clock, stars were distinctly visible; the darkness equal to midnight. By two o'clock, the darkness had passed away, and the sun shone with all its splendor. It was predicted that the present generation of New England would never again be spectators of so glorious a scene.

A spacious brick church was now being erected on a square of land containing about two acres, presented by Andrew Boardman and Henry Hill, Esqs., which was laid out by the corporation for public uses.

In 1807, the church being finished, and furnished with a large and elegant organ, bell, etc., was on New Year's Day dedicated to the worship of God. A sermon from Psalm 46: 4, was delivered by Rev. Dr. Holmes, and prayers appropriate to the solemnity, were offered by the Rev. Mr. Fiske, and Rev. Professor Ware. The

pulpit was supplied by dismissed or retired clergymen, or young men waiting for orders. At this time, about one hundred families had settled on this new ground, and the number of inhabitants estimated at more than one thousand.

On the first day of March, an act was passed by the General Court, setting off the easterly part of Cambridge into a parish, by the name of Cambridgeport Parish. This parish is bounded westerly by a right line drawn northerly from Charles River to Dana Street to the bounds of Charlestown; northerly and westerly by the line that divides Cambridge from Charlestown, and southerly by Charles River. A charter was granted to Andrew Cragie, and others, to build a bridge over Charles River, from Barton's Point, in Boston, to Lechmere Point, Cambridge. A society was formed for cultivating

sacred music, which was pursued with great zeal and spirit, good judgment and taste; and it was resolved, that as "music was the handmaid to devotion, no piece should be admitted, but of a character suited to the solemnity of the sanctuary, and to that holiness which becometh the house of God forever."

We were now terribly annoyed by the tidewaters, which would break through the dikes, or overflow sufficiently deep for a boat to ride with ease. Cellars and kitchens full, and every thing afloat. At one time the waters were four feet deep in the first story. The waters at the ebbing of the tide, would return as suddenly as they came, but the dampness would remain for a long time. Thinking our health would suffer if we remained, we determined to remove as quickly as possible, but upon making inquiry, found it was impossible to obtain a

house, with the exception of the Phipps or Boardman house; and that being such an old castle, we thought it would not be advisable. But, upon reflection, as the bridge would soon be built, and, in the rear, a road cut through to the colleges, it would be far more pleasant and convenient; we therefore secured it.

On February 2nd, 1809, the Cambridgeport Meeting-house Corporation conveyed by agreement and indenture, the meeting-house, organ, bell, etc., to the Cambridgeport parish, at which time the corporation became extinct. From the time of the dedication of the house, in 1807, to 1809, divine service had been constantly performed, at the expense of the corporation. In March, an embargo was issued by authority, prohibiting all vessels from leaving the port. "Hard times" was now the universal cry.

The following April, we took up our quarters in that ancient homestead designated as "The Boardman Farm," consisting of eight or ten acres, highly cultivated, upon which was a splendid orchard containing all kinds of fruit tempting to the taste; such as the pumpkin sweeting, greening, pearmain, russet, wine, rosy cheek, nonsuch, etc.; gooseberries and currants in profusion. All kinds of ornamental shrubs: the lilac, sweetbrier, primrose, etc., not forgetting two large willow trees, whose graceful branches waved so peacefully over this airy and spacious dwelling, and where we could play hide-and-seek all the day long.

"And it brings me dreams untold,
Of the farm-house, gray and old,
With its chimneys, quaint and tall,
And its broad, old-fashioned hall,
Where we 've looked from windows small

Watching shadows swiftly pass
O'er the waving meadow grass."

At the rear of the house was a thickly shaded wood covering many acres, and all of what is now called Cragie's Road, extending as far as the colleges, from the borders of which we could gather as many berries as we wished. As there were many idle persons loitering about these woods, and several children had lost their way, and wandered about for a day or more, and as a bear was once seen there, — if there were not bears, there were foxes, and they would sometimes bite, — we were cautioned not to go there alone. During the month of May, father sold a two-story wooden building to Capt. Tirril, for $200, which he removed to Lechmere Point, and it was, with the exception of the old farm-house, the only building on the Point. It may be seen at the pres-

ent day, on Cambridge Street, and constitutes a part of the dwelling now occupied by ex-Postmaster Green.

On the 14th of July, a church was gathered and organized, on the principles of the Congregational churches of New England. A sermon was preached on this occasion, by the Rev. Dr. Holmes, from Matt. 18: 20. A profession of faith, with a solemn covenant, was previously agreed upon by the brethren who were to constitute the church, and fairly transcribed into a book of records; it was read and subscribed in the presence of the assembly. Several new members were admitted; and on the succeeding Lord's day, July 16th, the Lord's Supper was administered by the Rev. Dr. Holmes, to more than twenty communicants, most of whom were members of this newly organized church. Mr. Nathaniel Livermore was unanimously

chosen deacon; he cheerfully enlisted under the banner of the Cross, and has fought the good fight, and continued Christ's faithful soldier and servant. When he shall have laid aside his armor and shield, his many virtues will engrave a tablet, far more beautiful and lasting than any that human ingenuity or art can devise. During this year, a large schoolhouse was erected on Franklin Street, at an expense of $800, upon land presented to the town by the late Judge Dana; $300 of which was paid by the town, and the remainder by the district. Cambridgeport parish was now divided into two school districts, and a permanent school was kept in each, under the direction of the school committee, annually chosen by the town. Each of these schools averaged about sixty or eighty scholars. At one visitation ninety-three children were present at one,

and eighty-one at the other. August 28th being commencement day, Cragie's Bridge was opened for travellers. It was a great gala day for Andrew Cragie, who led the procession in his low backed carriage, with his servant as driver, followed by Gov. Strong and suite, the president and officers of Harvard College, officers of the army and navy, town officers, etc. After the procession had passed over, the crowd and rabble followed, which were just one hour in passing. The toll gatherer on looking into his box, found he had, during that hour, taken over $40. The bridge cost $70,000. When Mr. Cragie proposed building it, he did not consider what an amount of labor was before him, as passing in a straight line from the bridge to the colleges, he must cut through the mound used for a flag staff, twenty-five feet in height, and six hundred in breadth; it was

therefore thought expedient to defer it until some future day. They then took a circuitous route nearly opposite the asylum, and passed into what is now called Bridge Street.

Among the distinguished residents was the late Hon. Timothy Fuller, who gratuitously rendered his valuable aid and council, in arranging boundaries, drawing up deeds, &c. Mr. Fuller, son of Rev. Timothy Fuller of Princeton, Mass., was born at Chilmark, July 11th, 1788. He graduated at Harvard College in 1801, on which occasion, he took part in a discussion, "Whether occupancy creates a right of property." He read law with the father of Gov. Levi Lincoln, of whom he acquired his democratic views, and practised in Boston, residing in Cambridgeport. His remarkable logical acuteness, unwavering integrity, and habitual philanthropy, aided by unwearied application,

won for him rapid distinction. Mr. Fuller was a senator of his native state, from 1813 to 1816, and a representative from Middlesex for Congress, during the period from 1817 to 1825, and made several noted speeches, that received marked attention; among which, was his caustic philippic on the Seminole war. He was chairman of the naval committee, and his labors in that department are held in grateful remembrance. He withdrew from business in 1832, and retired to Groton, designing in his retirement to write a history of the United States, from the ample materials he had gathered during his public career. But he was seized with cholera on the 30th of September, 1835, and on the 2nd of October passed away, before his plan had ripened for completion. In the early part of this year, Mr. Fuller's new dwelling situated on Cherry Street being finished, he married

Margaret Crane, of Canton, a lady possessing rare talents, whose mind from early life was of a superior order, and has by constant application received the finest culture. Her reading has been extensive, and there is a discrimination about her mind which is found in but few persons. Mrs. Fuller has passed through heavy and severe afflictions, but they have chastened, without crushing her lovely spirit. The loss of her beloved husband gave new strength to her hopes of heaven, transferring with him, a portion of her affections and sympathy to another world. But she was none the less cheerful and untiring in her devotedness to others, pouring balm into every wounded heart. To have been the mother of Margaret Fuller, was of itself a distinction, of whom, with other beloved children possessing rare and amiable qualities, she has been bereft. From her heart she can say,

"I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

The great increase of travel made our new home more than pleasant. We now had every kind of domestic fowl that could be named, not forgetting two beautiful canaries which father had brought from England. We enjoyed them very much, and were very comfortable until the frost and snow came. The house was so very cold it seemed as though we must perish. Father often regretted leaving our comfortable quarters for this "barn or carriage-house," as he called it, saying he would much rather be drowned than frozen to death. Notwithstanding he used every precaution, by providing grates, and supplying them with coal, it availed little; unfortunately, this was the coldest winter ever known in New England. The 19th of January, 1810, was a day so intensely cold that

it will long be remembered by those who experienced its rigor. The day and evening previous was unusually mild, accompanied by a slight fall of snow; but during the night the wind suddenly changed, and the thermometer, in sixteen hours, had fallen to thirteen degrees below zero. A boisterous wind prevailed, and in many places fences and trees were blown down; and the light snow becoming dry, was blown about like dust, rendering it impossible for any one to see. The day became memorable throughout New England as "The cold Friday." Father left home early in the morning as usual for Boston; previously cautioning mother to guard against the cold, by piling on the fuel, but on no account to put her head out of doors, as she would perish. The unwearied care and anxious solicitude manifested by my mother during my childhood have often called

forth tears of gratitude; but none ever made a more lasting impression than the care bestowed upon us on that day. Being in delicate health, and entirely alone with the exception of her children, not even a neighbor within call, she availed herself of every means in her power to make her children comfortable; piling on shawls, making screens, and doing all that ingenuity could devise without the least regard for herself. Notwithstanding her anxiety for father, she appeared cheerful, reading little stories and amusing us with toys. Night drawing near, and no tidings of father, her fortitude gave way to despair, and she walked the room in the greatest suspense and agony for two hours; then the door opened, and a person walked, or rather, I should say, stumbled up stairs. Although I was only six and a half years old, the sound is now distinctly ringing in my ears. Mother seizing the light.

said in a tremulous tone, "Be good children and sit still while I go and see who has gone above stairs." She went and behold it was father just getting into bed, badly frozen; the change of temperature had made him faint. Mother gave him cold brandy and water, and he revived. Finding his hands and face frozen, she placed his hands in cold water, laid wet cloths upon his face, and in a short time he was able to give an account of his providential escape. To shorten his walk he had taken a by-path; but what with the snow blowing and the cold, he had become bewildered and benumbed, wandering about for more than an hour striving to find his home; fortunately he found himself just stepping into the canal, and then knew how to direct his steps. Upon entering the house and feeling faint, he thought if he came where there was a fire he must die. Mother

looked like a marble statue; and has since told us that her feet were badly frozen standing by father's bedside.

To give a more vivid description of that terrible day, I will relate a melancholy incident which occurred in a neighboring state to a family by the name of Ellsworth, three of whose children perished on that dreadful day. Mr. Ellsworth, finding the cold very severe, rose about an hour before sunrise. It was but a short time before some part of his house was burst in by the wind. Being apprehensive that the whole house would soon be destroyed, and his family perish, Mr. Ellsworth requested Mrs. Ellsworth to dress the children, and take them into the cellar, and he would go to the nearest neighbor's for assistance; but it being in a northerly direction, he found it impracticable. He then started for a Mr. Brown's, in another

direction, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, and arrived about sunrise; his feet were badly frozen, and he was so overcome with the cold, that Mr. Brown would not permit him to return, assuring him at the same time, that he would take his horse and sleigh and use all possible speed to save his family. When he arrived at the house, he found Mrs. Ellsworth and her youngest child in the cellar, purposing to do as her husband requested; but on returning for the other children, found their clothes had been blown away, and therefore thought it most prudent to leave them in bed. Mr. Brown put a bed into the sleigh and placed the three children upon it and covered them with the clothes, placing Mrs. Ellsworth by his side. They had proceeded only a few rods when the sleigh was blown over, and the children, bed, and covering, were scattered by the wind.

Mrs. Ellsworth held the horse while Mr. Brown took up the children and bed, and placed them in the sleigh again. Mrs. Ellsworth becoming benumbed, thought it more safe to get out and walk, but she sank down to the ground, finding it impossible to go farther. At first she thought she must perish; but stimulated by the hope of finding her husband she made another effort by crawling on her hands and knees, in which manner she reached him, but so altered in looks that he did not know her. His anxiety for his children prompted him to go to their assistance; but the importunities of his wife, who supposed he must perish, and that she could not survive but a short time, prevented him. In the mean time, with a praiseworthy humanity, and fortitude unsurpassed, Mr. Brown was making every effort to save the children. But having placed them in the sleigh a second

time, he had gone but a short distance when the sleigh was blown over and torn to pieces, and the children blown to some distance. He then collected them once more; laying them on the bed, and covering them as well as he was able, he called for help; but to no purpose. Knowing that the children must soon perish in that situation, and being pierced to the heart by their distressing shrieks, he wrapped them in a blanket and attempted to carry them in his arms, but was blown down, and the children separated from him by the violence of the wind. Finding it impossible to carry them all, he left the youngest, the only one who happened to be dressed, placing it by the side of a large log. He then attempted to carry the other two, but was prevented as before. He then took one under each arm, with no other clothing than their night-dresses, and in this

way, although blown down several times, he arrived at his house after an absence of two hours. The children, although frozen stiff, were alive, but died in a few moments. Mr. Brown's hands and feet were frozen, and he was so much chilled and exhausted, as to be unable to return for the child left behind. The wind continued its severity, and they could obtain no assistance until the afternoon, when they had every reason to believe the child left was dead. Towards sunset, some of the neighbors and a physician arrived, several of whom went in search of the little child, whom they found dead. The lives of the parents were saved, but they were left childless. Mr. Brown lived several years, but never recovered from the effects of that day. He became nearly blind, and continued so as long as he lived.

During the summer a bridge was erected

over Charles River between Cambridge and Brighton, and a road made, at an expense of between $9,000 and $10,000, one half of which was defrayed by subscription of individuals at Cambridgeport, and the other by the proprietors of West Boston Bridge. In 1811, the town purchased two acres and a quarter of land, lying in a handsome square near the church, for a burial-place for the parish. Several buildings were now being erected on the Point, and occupied by families.

The Haugh farm-house was occupied by the survivors of a family by the name of Russell, farmers, consisting of father, two sons, and three daughters, who had resided there for the preceding thirty-five years. Mr. Russell was lost in the ice, when carrying milk to Boston, in 1784. In 1780, Miss Lois Russell married Josiah Mason, and removed to Governor's

Island; she returned to Cambridgeport in 1798.

About this time [1811,] Mr. Craigie sold the square, comprising about one third of the Point, for $40,000, on a part of which the Court House now stands. A few rods from our house, a Mr. McDonner commenced building a two-story house, but being unable to finish it, sold it to Mr. Peletiah Rea, of Boston; when finished, father secured it and left the Boardman Farm with the privilege of retaining the orchard, as the fruit was desirable, and which, by his paying a liberal rent was secured to him many years. That ancient house has since been destroyed by fire. Adjoining this house was a long range of buildings containing kitchen, wood-house, carriage-house, and stable. The kitchen was raised on a level with the dining-room, therefore was open to the

roof; the latter being on the ground floor, rooms were made over, and divided into three. The partition being removed, and neatly white-washed, father appropriated it to an aviary, and placed his birds in it, amounting to fifty or sixty. During the summer, birch trees were cut from the adjoining woods, and placed in the corners of this hall. The birds, with their beautiful plumage, resting upon the branches, presented a grand and beautiful appearance. We were visited by many strangers of distinction, who evinced much pleasure and satisfaction. Indeed, one might almost have fancied himself at the Canary Isles. So much for the house; but the grounds around were nothing but stones and stubble. There was a large fort directly in front, extending several rods, which was partially filled up, the stones removed, and load after load of loam placed upon it to pre-

pare it for vegetation. Tastefully laid out with borders and squares, upon which were placed every shrub, plant, and flower of rare beauty, and with its hawthorn hedge, it looked like the garden of Eden; or rather, the desert had blossomed as the rose. The house was protected by a beautiful bank three feet in height and nearly three feet in breadth, carefully sodded, and on it were placed jessamine, honeysuckle, and roses of every description. At the southerly side, a pond was made, enclosed by a fence, covered with sweet-water and Hamburg grape-vines, and the edge of the pond was encircled with flowers.

"Of Sweet-Williams and the pensive Lupin,
Lovely Violets dressed in blue,
And the Lilies of the Valley,
Guarded by sober Sage and Rue.
China Asters looked so social

Waving with the Canterbury Bell;
Mignonette and gentle Daisies,
Coreopsis, gay and cheerful,
Danced with dashing London Pride.
Every Rose that graced a garden,
Moss, and Provence, with Sweetbrier."

A little farther on, might be seen a strawberry-bed, from which we have frequently gathered twenty or thirty quarts. At the rear, was about an acre appropriated exclusively to vegetables, for family use. The universal topic in 1812, was war — war; merchants calling in their ships and carefully storing their goods, until such time as their value would be doubled and trebled. In June, the dreadful day came. War was declared between Great Britain and America. Nothing was now heard but the drum and fife, calling men to arms; hundreds enlisted from necessity, or want of employment.

Cambridge being a port of entry, numerous barracks were fitted up for the troops, who soon became very troublesome; pilfering every thing that came within their reach; destroying gardens by stripping them of every vegetable available, leaving nothing but the tops of leaves; writing upon a board, "The top of the garden for you," or something else equally annoying. Even the inoffensive fowls became their enemies; they were captured and taken prisoners. The din of arms now rang louder and louder in our ears.

About one hundred houses were now erected on the Point, a small school was supported by the town of Cambridge, and a pottery was also built for manufacturing the coarser kind of earthen pots, which gave employment to a great number of persons, who were suffering for the necessaries of life. The proprietors of

the bridge commenced cutting through the hill in order to make a straight road from the bridge to the colleges; many persons lost their lives by the earth caving in and burying them beneath the embankment. At the close of this year we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were to have a permanent minister, Mr. Thomas Brattle Gannett having accepted an unanimous call, to the great joy of all the parish. He was installed pastor of the Cambridgeport parish, January 1st, 1814. Notwithstanding the roads were almost impassable, the church was filled to overflowing.

Mr. Gannett was born at Cambridge, February 20th, 1789. He graduated at Harvard College, April 28th, 1809. In 1814 he married Deborah Foxcraft White, who was born at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, July 13th, 1791. Mrs. Gannett was as truly amiable as she was beau-

tiful; and the engaging qualities which graced her character when she entered upon the duties of a pastor's wife, continued to shed, with softened lustre, a benignity and loveliness in every sphere of usefulness. To these natural endowments she added a noble and expressive countenance, and manners of such benignity and sweetness that no one could help feeling the dignity of her presence. Her character was on the high, even plane of Christian principle,— fertile in active usefulness, and of shining purity. Though of a sensitive and affectionate nature, she was remarkably steadfast in thought and conduct. She visited the sick and needy, and the light of her countenance was a bright sunbeam in every dwelling which she entered. On December 30th, 1822, God, in his wise and mysterious providence, removed this lovely and endearing woman to his glorious

habitations. It would be impossible to describe the agony of that overwhelmed and heart-broken husband; but his submissive spirit yielded, and he was enabled to say "Thy will, O God, be done." And to the great surprise of all, on the following Sabbath he was calmly seated in his pulpit, and alone. Never can we forget the sorrow depicted in his pale and care-worn countenance when he rose and raising his eyes to the throne of grace, he said in a calm but tremulous tone, "Your pastor, with his little family, desires your prayers and sympathy that the removal of his beloved consort, their mother, and your faithful friend, may be sanctified to us all for our spiritual and everlasting good." And such a prayer! it was truly the outpourings of a broken and a contrite heart. The sermon was very affecting and appropriate; the text I am ashamed to say I

have forgotten. Mr. Gannett assumed an appearance of cheerfulness, but it could evidently be seen that he was a man of sorrow. He became a martyr to his own benevolent heart; those who should have sustained him deserted, or rather, I should say, avoided him. Delicacy forbade him remaining and he asked a dismissal. He removed to South Natick, Mass., in the spring of 1843, preached to the Congregational Society in that place as their minister seven years, and died there of disease of the heart, April 19th, 1851.

In speaking of Mr. Gannett, I must say that it requires an abler pen than mine to do him justice. The golden thread of common sense appeared woven through the entire web of his useful life. There was something solid and reliable in him which inspired confidence, and secured respect. Although there was at times

a retiring pensiveness in his manner, yet he had a fountain within, of friendly sympathy and quiet humor. Although he would rather walk in the fields than in the street, and rather sit with his family at home than mingle in the crowded circle abroad, yet he loved mankind enough to work for them always;—not seeking that honor which comes from men but that which comes from God. He was faithful to his Creator, faithful to his Redeemer, faithful to his conscience, and faithful to the souls of his people. He never forgot his ministerial office. If ever there was a clergyman, who might with propriety have worn his *bands* through the week, that clergyman was Mr. Gannett.

In 1815, England and America were negotiating a treaty of peace. On Monday, February 13th, at eight o'clock, an express arrived proclaiming peace between England and America.

It was fitted out by Mr. Jonathan Goodhue of New York, at an expense of $225, to be delivered in Boston in thirty-two hours. The amount was immediately collected—and would have been had it been twice that sum—and was refunded to Mr. Goodhue. Hundreds of handbills were circulated in all directions. It would be impossible to do justice to the expressions of joy and gratulation which sat on every countenance, animated every tongue, and flowed from the heart of every man, woman, and child, on learning the above tidings. In a few moments after its promulgation all the bells announced the cheering news. Business of every kind was suspended, and the whole population of the town devoted itself to expressions of joy. A holiday was appointed in all the schools; nothing was heard but cheering sounds and loud huzzas. The American and British flags

were seen waving together, united by wreaths of olive and laurel. Orders were immediately given for a parade of the military who assembled on State Street, Boston, and made a fine appearance. Harvard University and many private residences were brilliantly illuminated in the evening. After witnessing the display at Cambridge, we visited Boston, where an array of lights which has seldom been surpassed presented itself. The greatest attraction was the Exchange Coffee House, seven stories in height, in which were emblazoned mottoes of every description, emblematic of the occasion; it presented a magnificent appearance. This building was destroyed by fire in 1819. During the summer the cross-bridge connecting Craigie's with Prison Point was opened for travel.

At this time we met with what we considered

a great loss, although it was only a cow. She was peculiarly intelligent, and we had become much attached to her. Father purchased her some years previous, with her calf, which was so promising that he hesitated about selling it; but finally concluded to let the butcher take it. The cow upon discovering her loss, became frantic; so much so, that during the night it was impossible for any one to rest. In the morning, mother mentioned it to the butcher, who said he would go back and get the skin of the calf, and by showing it to the mother, thought she would be pacified. The poor creature smelt of it again and again, then appeared more quiet but refused to eat, the tears actually rolling down her face. When the butcher made his morning call she attacked him, and he came near losing his life; and for weeks she would appear enraged when he came in sight. Her

next calf was raised, and the two following. We thought there was nothing too good for "Old Moolly." When the feed was short, meal was prepared for her. One day the servant man whose name was Parker, thinking to save time, divided her portion with the fowls, placing Moolly's share in a measure, into which had been thrown a quantity of old rusty nails. She soon became very sick, and appeared in great agony. A veterinarian was sent for; as she was much swollen, he thought she must have been poisoned. Very soon old Moolly died. By an examination it was found that she had swallowed about a pound of those old nails, and then stupid Parker confessed his carelessness.

On the 23d of September, a violent gale of wind destroyed a large amount of property. At sunrise the clouds seemed to be gathering, and there was every indication of an approah-

ing storm. The wind continued to increase; although not of sufficient power to apprehend danger, still there was a peculiar sound, which appeared to be a foreboding of evil. At eight o'clock, we became much alarmed. Meeting father at the door, I said, "Did you ever see any thing like the wind?" Seeing me much excited, he answered, "Like the wind? Why it had like to have blown my hat off." Observing the young fruit trees twisted and bent, he called the servant man to bring some strong cord and matting that he might secure them from the power of the wind. The rain beginning to fall, father assured us that we had nothing to fear; thinking probably the wind would subside. The horse and carriage being in readiness he was soon on his way to Boston; but on coming to the bridge, he thought it not prudent to ride over, and requested Parker to turn round and

make the best of his way home, as he was fearful the carriage would be overturned. At ten o'clock there was not a tree, shrub, or fence standing. Majestic oaks which had braved the tempests for a hundred years were thrown down. The spray from the salt water reached Andover, about twenty miles distant, giving every thing it descended upon a saltish taste, and blighting every fibre of vegetation; fragments of all kinds united to form a picture that sickened the heart and which never can be erased from the mind as long as memory maintains her empire. Many families could be seen sitting upon the grass, exposed to the fury of the elements. Chimneys were blown down, houses unroofed, buildings demolished and scattered like dust. Mother was very calm, assuring us that there was an overruling Providence, who she trusted would protect us from all

danger; she carefully watched each window and door, and had them secured, as one after another blew in. We became very earnest in our entreaties for her to leave the house; three of us being ill with the measles, she said she could not, as the exposure would be far greater than the danger. But seeing one house after another fall, apparently much stronger than ours, her courage failed and she consented. Having a wood fire in the kitchen, mother hastily threw upon it a pail of water, thinking the cinders might be blown out and consequently do more damage. She then collected all the shawls and blankets available; taking the youngest child in her arms, the two next she entrusted to Parker; then taking me by the hand and bidding the eldest take fast hold of her dress, she started for a place of safety. We had not proceeded far, when the youngest of Parker's charge was

blown from him and rolled over and over like a hat for several rods, and when overtaken she was just on the brink of the canal. Mother was perfectly frantic, her hands were tied, and by striving to save one child she must lose the others. My little sister was terribly frightened, but the wind lifting her, she was wafted on like a feather, without a scratch or a bruise. Mother directed her steps to the old fort beside the garden fence, and spreading down a blanket, seated herself, and drawing her children as near to her as possible made a pillow with her lap for the sick, covering them with shawls and holding them down with all her strength, using every precaution to prevent us from taking cold. It suddenly occurred to her that she had a bottle of cherry brandy, and thinking a little of it might prevent the measles from terminating seriously, notwithstanding all our entreaties,

she started to obtain it. She had just passed through the kitchen with the bottle and cup, one foot on the outer step and the other in the kitchen, when an awful crash sounded in our ears; the roof was torn from the whole range of buildings, and the kitchen filled with rafters; the door being against the wind, she was saved. Language cannot express the gratitude we felt on seeing mother with her bottle and cup hurrying on as quickly as her strength would admit. Finding that she was not injured we clasped our arms around her, shedding tears of thankfulness for her wonderful preservation. Our home looked desolate enough, but we did not give it a passing thought. Mother had not been seated long when she discovered the dining-room window just falling in. Addressing herself to Parker, she said he must go with her and secure the window or the house would be destroyed; he answered, —

"Please excuse me ma'am, for you know that you have just escaped death, and now you will be killed outright; I cannot go."

Sister said to mother, "Do not ask the coward; I will go with you." They had not proceeded far, when for very shame he followed them. They found the dining-room filled with smoke; the wind had forced open the door leading into the kitchen and the ashes and embers had set the floor on fire and burned a hole into the cellar nearly two feet square; fortunately there was plenty of water in the cellar, and by mother's wonderful presence of mind it was extinguished. Mother returned once more to her children, leaving Parker to watch the fire. Faint and weary she sank upon the ground, leaning against a common rail fence; her comb falling out, in a moment her beautiful hair was wound round and round, so that it was impos-

sible for her to move. The fence being very rough, and the wind blowing it every way, it was utterly impossible to untangle it. One trial after another seemed to follow in rapid succession, but this we thought the greatest of all. It was now becoming very painful for mother to sit in this position, and having neither scissors or knife, she could do nothing. Parker returning, with his knife and our assistance she was released with the loss of about half of her hair, which was as much as three feet in length, and equally thick in proportion. The hair remained upon the fence for months; there were so many sad associations connected with it, that it was painful to look upon it. It was now past one o'clock, and we had every reason to hope that the storm was decreasing. At two o'clock we returned to the house, but what a sad spectacle presented itself. On en-

tering the yard, there lay our beautiful birds, one hundred and fifty in number, *all dead!* Our kitchen, wood-shed, and carriage-house, all destroyed; every tree, plant, and shrub laid prostrate, and the garden almost as white as snow, with the salt spray from the tide-waters. The main part of the house, with the exception of the hole burnt in the floor by the fire, was not injured. We had now been exposed to the storm more than three hours, and were wet, hungry, and cold. All the kitchen utensils were broken and destroyed with the exception of the tea kettle, which, after great difficulty, was found beneath the ruins. The next thing to be done was to make a fire; the dining-room was all afloat, the carpet saturated with water; still something must be done, as this room was the only place where a fire could be made to prepare our food. Mother, as if by magic, soon had the carpet removed, boards

nailed down where it was burned, and to our great surprise, we were soon enjoying our usual dinner. It was a general rule for Parker to drive the horse and carriage to the Boston market on Saturday evenings, at a certain hour, and remain until father came for the purpose of purchasing provisions, groceries, and such articles as might be required during the week, and to carry baskets, cans, etc., to pack them in. Parker drove in as usual, but was minus baskets, cans, etc. After calling at several places, father asked Parker for the butter can. He answered, —

"I did not bring it."

"Why not?"

"It was all knocked of a lump."

"How so?"

"The roof went off, sir, and every thing is broken and buried beneath the ruins."

"Beneath the ruins!" father repeated.

"Yes, sir."

"Is any one injured or hurt?"

"No, sir."

"Where are the birds?"

"All dead, sir."

Father was silent for a moment, then looking earnestly at Parker, said, "If ever I had a mind to knock any person down it is you."

Father had not the remotest idea of our sufferings, although being on India Wharf, he had in a degree witnessed the violence of the wind, as hogsheads of molasses were lifted up and carried some distance. But still he felt a perfect security in our house, as it was protected by buildings in the rear.

Father on his return met us with a smiling face, and a spirit of thankfulness for our wonderful preservation, and thanked God that it was no worse. He prided himself much upon

his aviary, and also his garden, having various rare plants which he had imported; particularly the moss rose, tulip, and hawthorn. The following morning he walked slowly and silently through the garden, carefully cutting each tree and shrub, hoping to find some one of them alive; but *all were dead.* Our beautiful orchard contained between fifty and sixty trees; only four of them remained standing.

The buildings were repaired, and the rubbish removed, but nothing more. We then left this scene of desolation and removed near the boundary line between Cambridgeport and Old Cambridge, to the building known as the "Opposition House." It took that name from the circumstance of its being set up during the night by a party of gentlemen, in 1803, to prevent a road being made from the Causeway to the Colleges. The proprietors of the road were

not to be thwarted in their purpose, however, for they branched off to the right and made the road now called Harvard Street. The summer of 1816 was said to have been the coldest ever known in New England, — frost and snow appearing every month throughout the season. The low temperature of the atmosphere was supposed to have been caused by spots appearing upon the sun, which were distinctly visible. Fortunately there was plenty of "corn in Egyyt," or we might have suffered.

We were occasionally visited by travellers soliciting aid, food, etc. About the middle of September, a person of that description called, having a stout, healthy frame, and a countenance expressive of vice and crime. He walked in and seated himself without further ceremony, and asked for a glass of water, which was given him; he refused to take it, saying he must have milk. He then walked to the table

on which was a box of knives, took each one up separately, and examined the edge by rubbing his finger and thumb upon them. Our attention was called to his cane; the head being separated, a sword, or dirk was visible. Mother was seated at the table, busily engaged; taking a chair, he seated himself directly behind her; mother rose and removed her seat. He was dressed in a pea jacket, or short overcoat, inside of which was a number of pockets, containing a variety of knives and other deadly instruments, which he examined in the same careful manner. To a stranger mother would not have betrayed the least fear, but by an occasional glance I could read the anxious state of her mind. My brothers were at school, and there was no one in the house except my two little sisters. I could not take them with me without exciting suspicion, and then again I dare not leave mother. She de-

sired me to go up stairs and ask father to come down, as she wished to see him. I readily obeyed, and returned directly, stating that father would come as soon as he possibly could. He was still examining his instruments. Taking my youngest sister in my arms, I passed into the next room, hoping to persuade her to remain while I went for assistance. I had not reached the garden gate, when I heard her pitiful voice calling out, "O Ti, do not leave me!" Knowing that she would impede my steps, and the rain falling fast, I hesitated a second; but I could not refuse. I caught her in my arms, and ran with all my speed to the nearest house that was occupied, which was on the corner of Broadway and Lee Streets, where an old colored man lived by the name of Gould, a soap boiler by trade. He had just returned from Boston and unfortunately had taken off his

boots as I entered. Drenched and breathless, I entreated him to return with me. He said it was impossible, as his boots were so wet that he could not put them on. I told him I would assist him. Lifting them by the straps, and placing his great toes in one, I commenced pulling with all my strength, he shaking with laughter. Seeing an old pair of shoes in the corner, I begged of him to put them on, and I would give him a new pair. He was between fifty and sixty years of age, very corpulent, and weighing more than two hundred pounds. I might as well have asked an elephant to run a race, as him to hurry. He finally started, I with my little sister on one arm, and taking fast hold of his coat entreated him to hurry, until we arrived at the house. When with fear and trembling I opened the door, and there sat mother and the old fellow just as I had left

them. He rose on seeing us enter, and made the best of his way off. We heard nothing further from him except that he called at a house in Old Cambridge, with as little success.

December 17th, 1817, the Baptist Church, situated at the junction of Magazine and Brighton Streets, was organized. In March, 1818, the Rev. Bela Jacobs accepted an invitation to preach for a few weeks, with the prospect of finally becoming their pastor. His first sermon was preached on Fast Day, April 2nd. On April 19th, Mr. Jacobs preached from Acts 8: 36–38; "See here is water! what doth hinder me to be baptized?" after which Mr. Jacobs repaired to the creek, and immersed Mrs. Palmer and Miss F. Baker. This was the first time the ordinance of baptism by immersion had ever been administered in Cambridge. Notwithstanding the day was exceedingly cold,

there was a large assembly at the water. On Wednesday, July 22d, 1819, Mr. Jacobs was publicly recognized as pastor of the Cambridgeport Baptist Church. Dr. Sharp, of Boston, preached from 2 Cor. 5 : 20. "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ." Dr. Cano gave the charge, Dr. Baldwin the right hand of fellowship, and Messrs. J. Grafton and E. Williams offered prayers.

From the commencement of the pottery in East Cambridge, in 1813, the porcelain and glass houses had been in operation on a small scale until the year 1818, when they were purchased by a company who obtained a charter, and were organized as "The New England Glass Company," with a capital of $40,000, and Edmund Munroe, Esq., was chosen president. This establishment has been in successful operation until the present time [1858,] and has now a capital of $500,000.

In March, 1819, it was proposed by J. T. Kirkland, President of Harvard University, Dr. Abiel Holmes and Professor Stearns, of Cambridge, and Dr. J. P. Chaplin, of Cambridgeport, to establish a high school, provided a certain number of pupils could be obtained. The sum of $900 per annum was offered to Mr. Edward Dickinson, a graduate of Harvard University and a student with Dr. J. P. Chaplin, with the proviso that the number of pupils should be limited to about thirty. Mr. Dickinson commenced teaching in an upper room owned and occupied by Mr. Franklin Sawyer, on Main, nearly opposite Inman Street. He opened with fifteen pupils, of which number I am proud to mention as my classmates, William G. Stearns, steward of Harvard University, Rev. Dr. S. K. Lothrop, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Richard S. Fay, Esq., Rev. Charles Fay, Dr. J. H. Trowbridge, and Rufus Hemmenway. Among the

young misses, were Miss C. B. Poole, adopted daughter of Andrew Boardman, and Sarah Margaret Fuller, late Countess Ossoli. As an instructor, Mr. Dickinson was eminently successful, especially in that important qualification, the power of gaining the affections and confidence of his pupils, and of retaining a personal influence over them which must remain and act upon them for good until life shall end. Those young masters and misses who were so fortunate as to have been his pupils, will look back upon their intercourse with him as a time when their minds received their impulses towards the noble and elevated.

On November 3d, great excitement was caused by the burning of the Exchange Coffee House, Boston. The whole town of Cambridge was one blaze of light. The Exchange being seven stories in height, and the fire commencing near

the roof, gave persons in the neighboring towns ample time to witness its destruction. This magnificent building, which we had passed through a few days previous, we now beheld in ashes; forcibly reminding us how frail and transitory are the beauties of this world.

November 29th, 1820, the hearts of many were saddened by the death of an estimable and highly gifted young man, a relative of one of our first families, a graduate of Harvard University, and student with Dr. James P. Chaplin. Letters of sympathy were received from friends, tutors, and classmates; one in particular from his chum and classmate, accompanying which were some beautiful lines. Having preserved a copy, I will transfer them, as they will in a measure portray his character.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis?" — HORACE.

TRANSLATION.

"What restraint, what limit can there be to our regret for so dear a friend?"

And now 'tis past! no more we gaze upon
That face of youth, that once in gladness shone!
That fearful Power, mysterious, dark, and dread,
Has waved his mighty sceptre o'er thy head;
In manhood's opening thou hast passed away,
And claimed the bosom of thy parent clay;
The goal is reached; thine earthly race is done;
And all we love, or all we fear to shun,
Thou knowest now, and shall forever know,
Still all we pant for in our spirits glow,
Has taught no lesson that we might have learned;
Yet thou hast reaped what earth's short labors earned!

There was a time, — but ah! that time is gone, —
When friendship's chain entwined our hearts in one;
When all the future wore the light of heaven.
Yet now, alas! those chains are rent and riven;
But I can still remember many an hour,
When thy glad soul exulted in its power, —

Hope's magic wand portrayed in visions fair,
The phantom of earth's pride, in shapes of air,
Which looked as bright as gifted poets see,
When wrapt their souls in holiest mystery.
Fame, Love, Ambition, Wealth, on wings of light
Passed brightening on, and lured thy aching sight;
In high discourse our nights went swiftly by;
We talked of men — the powerful and high;
The mighty masters of the olden time,
Their works of wonder, and their deeds sublime;
Of all the changes which ourselves had seen,
Of what earth is, and what it might have been.

At eventide, when the bright sun went down,
Its glories rich magnificently shone
Along the water's pure, unruffled breast,
Which seemed to sleep with still, unchanging rest,
And clouds above, deep'ning in light along,
And summer winds; the night bird's farewell, long,
As soaring high with darkening wings he went,
Hovering along the deep blue firmament.
How often have we wondered; sights like these,
For one like thee, had ever power to please;

For thou wert one who had a generous heart,
Alive to honor, and averse to art.
The poor man never turned away unheard;
The worldling never met thy frown unfeared.
With that deep love that noblest spirits feel,
The voice of love could from thy bosom steal
A tear for woe, a smile for manhood's weal;
Serenely gay in health, but lately given
To sad'ning thoughts of earth, and yet of heaven.
And why? it fits not me to search and tell;
Enough is known in that thou bad'st farewell
To all the vanities of earth below, —
Too early taught the wretchedness of woe.

Thy heart was withered, desolate and lone,
Thy sun was clouded e'er it reached its noon;
The strong winds the forest grove was shaking,
The fruitage fell ere autumn tide was breaking;
The myrtle tree the lightning fire has torn,
The night has darkened while we thought 'twas morn,
The torch extinguished, and the vision gone.

My friend, farewell! long years, and yet long years
Must roll away, ere I can dry my tears.
Kind heart, I loved thee, as these lines may tell;
We yet may meet again. Farewell! farewell!

In 1821 I took my leave of Cambridge; and fearing I am tarrying too long with you, and may make you twice glad, I will now bid you an affectionate farewell. If I find that I have been well received, I will at some future day take up my budget, and give you another call.

Truly and affectionately your friend,

S. S. S.

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